

REV. DR. MASON'S TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV.
DR. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

His Long Pastorate of Twenty-eight Years of the First Baptist Church—His Usefulness in the Councils of His Religious Denominations—His Many Sided Character.

The beautiful and just tribute to the late Rev. Dr. Phelps given by the Rev. Mr. Mason at the First Baptist church last Sunday will be read with interest by the host of people in this city who knew the deceased personally, and by the community at large in which the deceased was for over half a century a prominent figure. Dr. Mason's address was in full as follows:

James 4, 14: "What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

And is that all? Is that life? Does that definition reach the limits of life? Does that plummet sound the depths of life? Life only a vapor, a handful of mist in the sky, a soft cloud on a summer's day? Drifting, shifting, vanishing, gone? Is that life? Yes, that is life, but it is not the whole of life. The definition is true, but narrow. "It is not all of life to live nor all of death to die."

We meet under peculiar circumstances this morning. We have just followed to the grave the earthly remains of a loved and venerated pastor of this church. It is fitting that in this place more than a passing reference should be had to his useful and extended life. Public services have been held, simple, adequate, full of feeling. A noble tribute has been paid to his memory. Many friends have stood by his open grave. Many from afar have sent messages of loving sympathy. Yet it is natural that we of this church, which he has served so long and so well, should have our own personal thought concerning his life and his work, and should gather our loving and inspiring lesson as we stand on the borderland between two worlds.

It is no time for tears, the moment of a Christian's triumphant entrance into glory. Let us save our tears for the man whose whole life has been a defeat, not for him whose life has served its noble purpose and who has won the victor's crown.

I am thinking this morning not of this life in the light of the text, but I am thinking of this text in the light of the life. I interpret the Scripture by a life which I have known, and it is plain that the thing which James is speaking about in the text is life in its smallest and narrowest and shallowest sense. Why, life is a vapor if you think of it only as earthly existence in the flesh. There is nothing between us and the grave but a breath. Let something stop that just for a moment or two and the life has passed; the vapor has vanished away; death has come. But who that has known a Christian soldier, who that has entered into another's Christian labors will sum up his life by the figures that are cut into his tombstone as the measure of his years?

To-day I think of life, first, as opportunity. But how few there are who ever think of the magnificent opportunity of life. Called out of the unknown; born into this world, how few there are who are clear eyed enough and strong-souled enough to seize that which God holds out to them at the beginning of life. To him who has gone from us there early came a perception of life's opportunity. To him life speedily became something more than existence. In his early years he found the true center of being. Rooted in Jesus Christ, the divine spirit began to pervade his spirit and the activities outspringing. Then he wanted to make the most of himself for his Master. He saw the value of an education. But many difficulties were in the way. For none of them was he turned aside. He pressed forward; secured his education; in the meantime heard God's call to the Christian ministry, and in the vigor of his young manhood became our pastor. The best years of his life were given to this church. I mean by that, the years of his most vigorous activity. For himself perhaps there were no better years than these last tranquil years of his earthly life, in which heaven was manifestly drawing nearer every day.

The full fruits of his ministry here God only could describe. For the reach of human effort in God's service there is no human measurement. But for a most generous he gave himself without reservation to this people. It has always seemed to be a happy coincidence that the year in which this church was founded was the year of his birth. So the church and its pastor went on counting their birthdays together. The last birthday for each was the seventy-ninth.

For twenty-eight years, almost the life of a generation, he occupied the pastorate of this church. His term of service covered the birth and the baptism and the marriage and the death of not a few who were here in former years. Many of whom he was most active in the church to-day worked by his side forty years ago, and it will be yet many years before the last of those baptized at his hands will have closed their earthly labors. His love for this church never died. On his return to New Haven in later years he would again have been numbered with this people, but that the distance from his residence seemed too great in the growing weight of his years. But on all special occasions he was glad to be with us, and the greeting which he met was always most cordial.

But the field in which he ministered was wider than this city. In the councils of the denomination, his judgment was always of weight. And through his Christian hymns, especially that by which he will always be best known, he had made his way into the hearts of Christians of whatever name in many parts of the world.

Now, then, when you look at a life like that, what is life? It is not mere breath and heart-beat. It is a mighty and holy power entering deep into the life of the race. Men and women and communities are changed by the better when such a man lives Christ among them and preaches God's truth from their pulpits. Life is opportunity immeasurable, glorious. Life is the privilege of uplift granted to a man who hears God's call to service. Life is the field for a service carrying the spirit of the Master, self-forgetful, mindful of others, right into the heart of this world's selfishness. Life is happiness,

for there is no happiness comparable to that which comes to him who is conscious of communion and communion with the divine and who knows a daily self-giving even as the Master gave Himself. Life is development, for the most majestic powers of the human soul are those which are called out and are put to use and are made to grow by such service as I have mentioned. The majority of men are stunted in their growth because they pass through life without ever bringing out into the largest service their noblest powers. For many, life is little else than a vapor, appearing for a little time; vanishing away. For many, the dates which stand for birth and death on the marble are an adequate biography; because their thought of life was simply of self and of the present hour.

They never found the true center; they never got the right direction; never learned self-giving; never discovered their highest powers; never stumbled upon happiness; never grasped the thought of eternity or lifted the eyes of aspiration toward heaven; never knew life.

There is another thing which makes our gathering to-day especially significant. It is this table spread before us, the solemn and joyous memorial of the death of Jesus Christ. Perhaps the pastor who has gone away will be remembered longest and most reverently in the act of serving at this table and suggesting to you the profound and blessed significance of the communion service. And here we shall find the center of our thought this morning. For the meaning of it is the thing for which we are searching. And it must remind you that this world never knew what life meant until Jesus Christ came; and that even then it never knew life's full meaning until Jesus Christ was gone away. This Lord's supper is a memorial of His death, it is true; and in approaching it let the thought be centered in that great sacrifice in which Christ gave Himself for this lost world. But do not forget that the Lord's supper has another meaning still. The memory of His departure unites itself with the memory of His glorious coming. That which tells us of Christ's death tells us in the same moment that He could not die. He did die and die He could not. "As often as ye eat this bread and drink the cup ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come." That is it—"Till He come." The dead Christ is coming. He lives. Death could not bind Him. "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him." "Our Savior Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." "Ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come." By and by the hour shall strike and there shall appear in the heaven the sign of the Son of Man, and the tribes of the earth shall mourn and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And this, the very Christ who hung there on the cross, the Christ whose life blood flowed, whose fever raged, whose nerves throbbled, whose heart broke—dead, taken from the cross; anointed for the burial; wrapped in a shroud; placed in a tomb. Life all over a vanished vapor? No. No. Life in its fullness just beginning now or rather after its earthly interruption and limitation.

Who would dare say that Christ's life was thirty-three years long? Out of eternity he came and into eternity he passed. For thirty-three years, men saw him, but that must have been the narrowest and most hampered portion of the life of the Son of God. He showed us that death was an incident of existence, a most blessed incident for the disciple of Jesus Christ. He taught us that he whose life was united to himself here, should be united with the divine life right through the grave and should rise from the dead into the transcendent life of heaven.

Blessed is the man who learns this lesson early, who gets that life Christ centered in the tender years of childhood or in the freshness of his youth and who looks forward forever to Christ-union and a growing Christ-love and a widening Christ-service. To him death is nothing, and the premonitions of it strike no terror to the heart. Rather are they the promise of escape from earthly conditions which are hard and from the flesh which clogs the spirit's flight into the boundless life which redeemed men have found.

That was the life which our brother was living and such the freedom toward which he was looking forward. Even here, he lives far into how many sturdy Christian lives has his life entered. "How many words spoken in sympathy or in encouragement forty years ago are still potent in hearts that have not ceased their beating." And what unnamed souls of yet unborn generations will respond to the tender grace of his Christian hymns. His voice, his pen, his life belonged to his Master. He lived in Christ; he died in Christ; in Christ he shall live forevermore.

Brethren what is your life? a vapor vanishing as a cloud in the sky vanishes to be seen and to be remembered no more? or is it an unquenchable force held in leash by earthly conditions to be set free by death to-morrow.

In the presence of the Lord's table—a reminder of his death, but supremely of the glorious life which shall be manifest when he shall come again, and with the yet vivid memory of a life which set the worlds in true perspective, I pray that we all may live the larger life.

In our ministers' meeting it is the custom for some one at each session to bring in a short poem which he has found and which is likely not to be familiar, but which yet is well worth knowing. I think I shall never forget the last poem which Dr. Phelps brought so to us a few weeks ago. It was not his own, but one which had caught his eye and had impressed him. I presume I never shall forget the full rich tones of his voice as they resounded in the verses, deepening all the solemn impressiveness of the poem itself. And now that we can hear his voice no more, the poem has taken on a yet more solemn meaning to those who heard it as a kind of final message from the lips which to-day are hushed in death.

"I am the sun.
Out of the ocean's silver bed
I lift the crest of a golden head
And my yellow locks are spread and curled
Over the shoulders of the world:
Yet there are who sigh and think
That I only rise to sink!"

Shall I tell you a secret? Setting here, I rise to another hemisphere.

"I am a wave.
Out of the ocean's level plain
I lift and swell to the shore again,
And my lucid waters lace and fly
Over the bounds of the beaches high:
Yet there are who weep to know
That the obb attends the flow!
Shall I tell you a secret? With the tide,
I ebb to flow on the other side."

"I am a man.
Out of the night of a hidden past
I awake to the light of the world at last,
And my eager spirit yearns to climb
Up to the height of a joy sublime:
Yet there are who doubling cry
That I only live to die!
Shall I tell you a secret? God is love,
I shall die to live in the land above."

AN INTERESTING OCCASION.

Presentation of a Beautiful Flag by the King's Daughters to the Twenty-second Company of the Boys' Brigade—It Was a Boys' Brigade Night.

The Epworth Methodist church on Orange street was in a blaze of patriotism on Monday night, the occasion being the presentation by the King's Daughters of a fine silk flag to the Twenty-second company of the Boys' Brigade. It was a Boys' Brigade night and notwithstanding the constant downfall during the day, which might have served to dampen the ardor of most people, the church was well filled. The "Boys in Blue" occupied the entire center of the main floor. The church was profusely decorated with flags, the national colors and the large shields containing the object of the Boys' Brigade, which recites as follows:

The object of the Boys' Brigade is the advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys and the promotion of habits of reverence, discipline, self-respect and all that tends towards a true Christian manhood.

The pledge is: "I promise and pledge myself that so long as I am a member of the Boys' Brigade I will not use tobacco or intoxicating liquors in any form; that I will not use profane nor vulgar language; that I will obey faithfully the company rules, and that at all times I will set an example of good conduct to my comrades."

On the platform were stacks of rifles and an abundance of red, white and blue, surrounding the company shield, while over the organist's seat was the white flag of the G. A. R. with the inscription, "Welcome Comrades," as the Boys' Brigade are proud to say that some day they will be the Great Army of the Republic. The superintendent of the Sunday school, Mr. W. E. Camp, presided, and on the platform with him were Rev. D. N. Griffin, pastor of the church; Rev. Frank A. Scofield of Grace M. E. church; Rev. Frank R. Luckey of Humphrey street Congregational church, and Captain Oscar E. Perrigo of the Twenty-second Boys' Brigade, who is also a member of the Second company, Governor's Foot Guard.

The flag, a beautiful silk one with gilded stars and trimmed with gold bullion fringe, was attached to a polished maple staff surmounted by a gilded eagle. It was presented by the Rev. D. N. Griffin in a most patriotic speech and received by Captain Perrigo, both of whom were liberally applauded.

The boys sang a Boys' Brigade song written for the occasion by their captain, which was as follows:

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.
(Dedicated to the Boys' Brigade by Captain Perrigo, 22d Company.)
Air: "Marching Through Georgia."
We're a band of workers in the vineyard of the Lord,
Our weapon is the Bible and not the soldier's sword,
And so we conquer unbelief with His own righteous word,
As we go marching to victory.

Chorus.
Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee,
Hurrah! hurrah! the truth will make you free;
And so you'll find the Boys' Brigade as busy as a bee,
As we go marching to victory.

We're a band of brothers and united we will stand,
Supporting one another and the honor of our land;
But when you try our courage you will find we've got the sand,
As we go marching to victory.

Chorus.
We're a band of soldiers, patriotic, brave and true,
And like the valiant veterans we always wear the blue;
We do the right, in God we trust to always carry us through,
As we go marching to victory.

Chorus.
Rev. Frank R. Luckey, who was introduced as the father of the Boys' brigade in New Haven, made one of his earnest and telling speeches in favor of the organization, interspersing it with humorous anecdotes illustrating his points, and complimenting the zeal and energy of the captain of the Twenty-second company for the rapid progress which his company was making. He was enthusiastically applauded.

Rev. Frank A. Scofield also made a telling appeal for the Boys' brigade and installed many points in its usefulness to the church and its success in doing good among the boys.

Major Frank Tompkins, commanding the First Battalion, Boys' brigade, followed in his earnest and soldierly manner, detailing the good work of the brigade in his church.

Captain Perrigo then called his company to "attention" and the following flag drill was executed. It was somewhat in the nature of a surprise to the other companies, as well as to the audience, and brought out a hearty round of applause:

THE FLAG DRILL.
Arranged by Captain Perrigo, Captain of the Twenty-second New Haven Company.
What is this emblem? Our country's flag,
What does it represent? The United States.
What do the soldiers and sailors call it? "Old Glory."
Why is it called "Old Glory"? It has often been unfurled in glory, but never lowered in dishonor.

Of how many stripes does it consist? Thirteen.

Of how many stars? Forty-five.
What do the thirteen stripes signify? The thirteen original colonies.
What do the forty-five stars signify? The forty-five states composing the Union.

What are the colors of the flag? Red, white and blue.
What does the white signify? Truth and purity.
What does the blue signify? Fidelity and loyalty.

What does the red signify? Defiance to all the enemies of the United States.
What are our duties to the flag? To honor and revere it in time of peace and to defend it with our lives in time of war.

What does the Bible teach us is the result of causeless and useless strife? "That they take the sword shall perish by the sword."

What, then, are our patriotic duties as soldiers of the Boys' brigade? To dwell in peace with all mankind; to draw the sword only in defense of our beloved country.

What illustrious general first defended the honor of our country and fought under its flag? Washington.

Who was George Washington? The father of his country.

First in war, first in peace;
First in the hearts of the "E. B. B." E. B. B. of course meaning Epworth Boys' Brigade.

Miss Ada Sissons recited "Star Spangled Battle Flag," which was received with much enthusiasm.

Mrs. Kate M. Preston presided at the organ and catching the patriotic spirit of the occasion brought out the various patriotic selections with grand effect, pleasing the boys as they marched out with that old soldier's favorite, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Captain E. M. Willis led the singing and added much to the enjoyment. Altogether it was a most enjoyable and enthusiastic affair, and doubtless will arouse much interest in the noble work of the Boys' brigade.

COURT RECORD.

Superior Court—Judge Hall.
Another decision was filed in the bounty claim suit of Andrew J. Barnes against the town of New Haven by Judge Hall yesterday. In his decision Judge Hall says that the defendant cannot plead the statute of limitations as a defense. The last legislature passed a bill to the effect that the town must pay all unpaid bounties to veterans of the war who had enlisted under the promise of a bounty, which in the town of New Haven was \$300, and the legislature furthermore provided that the statute of limitations could not be pleaded as a defense.

The decision was filed on a demurrer by the plaintiff which sets up that the defense was prohibited by the terms of the act under which the suit was brought, and the court sustains it.

WALLACE TRIAL RESUMED.

The trial of the suit of C. C. Jackson and wife and others against Wallace & Sons was resumed before Judge Hall yesterday. Robert M. Thompson of New York, one of the trustees in insolvency on the estate of Wallace & Sons, was on the witness stand for the defense. He explained his actions in the matter as perfectly legitimate. The suit will probably occupy several days.

City Court—Criminal Side—Judge Dow.
Edward Murray, theft, nolle; Thomas Brerethen, theft, nolle on payment of costs; Harry Wesley, theft, nolle on payment of \$3.86 costs; Peter Moran, injury to private building, nolle; William Fias, keeping disorderly house, continued to December 5; William E. Burke, breach of peace against John J. Flynn, nolle; Patrick Moran and Catherine Moran, breach of peace, nolle; Samuel Holmgren, non-support of wife, continued to December 7; Edward Dunn, burglary, continued to December 4; John M. Goiz, breach of peace against Daniel Callahan, continued to December 7; Martin Thorn, non-support of family, bond of \$10 to pay his wife \$3 per week or go to jail for 60 days.

City Court—Civil Side—Judge Dow.
The Hon. Lewis Sperry, who was appointed a committee of the superior court by Judge S. E. Baldwin of the supreme court, to hear the remonstrance of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road against the order of the New Haven city council, non-erect and maintain a new iron bridge over the railroad cut at Olive street, has completed his finding in the case. He will report to Judge Baldwin December 14, his decision being in favor of the city and support the position taken by Corporation Counsel Ely.

PALLADIUM SUED FOR LIBEL.
John P. Carney, the Meadow street saloonkeeper, has brought a libel suit for \$10,000 against the Palladium on account of an article published October 27. The papers were served by Constable Bree and a receipt was given by James H. Macdonald, Lyman H. Johnson, Frederick B. Farnsworth, Robert E. Baldwin, N. B. Hoyt and L. M. Ullman.

TWO CASES OF NON-SUPPORT.
Samuel J. Hodget's wife Gertrude stated to Judge Dow yesterday morning that her husband had not supported his child and wanted him to pay \$4.50 for his care while she took care of herself. He was placed under \$500 bonds to do so.

Martin Thorn of 143 Carleisle street was given the option of sixty days in jail or a bond of \$10 to give \$3 a week to his wife for the support of their children. He was not able to furnish a bond yesterday and went to jail.

AMICABLY SETTLED.
The case of the Masonic Mutual Benefit association of this city against Mary Smith of Branford and Charles H. Smith of this city, an action of interpleaders to determine the beneficiary of a policy taken out by the late Reilly O. Smith of Branford, has been amicably settled. Harrison & Zacher were counsel for Mary Smith, and J. Birney Tuttle for Charles H. Smith.

OTHER CITY COURT CASES.
Timothy J. Maher, who was arrested Monday night, was yesterday fined in the city court \$14 and costs. The cases against Peter Moran for breaking a window on October 12, and Orrin

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Moran and Patrick Moran for general breaches of the peace were nolle.

PERSONAL JOTTINGS.

Miss Maud Kimberly entertained the lady members of their whist club at her home, 17 Sylvan avenue, Tuesday afternoon from 3 until 6. Those present were the Misses Embler, Baldwin, Leonard, Hart, Todd, Burgess, North, Johnston, Grinnell and Miss Grace and Ruby Stevens.

George L. Atwater, Jr., of this city, author of "The Evening March" and "The Second Company, Governor's Foot Guard, March," has composed "The Elks' March," dedicated to New Haven lodge No. 25, B. P. O. E., and it will be performed at the forthcoming benefit of the Elks under the author's personal direction.

Reading and Musical.
A reading and musical will be given at Epworth M. E. church this evening. Professor H. B. Humason will read. Mrs. Kate M. Preston will have charge of the music.

Both have unusual ability in their chosen professions. The Hartford Courant says of Professor Humason: "He has achieved very flattering results."

A rare treat awaits all who attend.

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When I was thirteen years old I began to have sore eyes and ears, and from my ears a humor oozed. I doctored with five different skillful doctors, but they did not do me any good. By this time it had gone all over my head, face, and body. Nobody thought I would live, and would not but for CUTICURA REMEDIES. My disease was Eczema. No doctor could tell me what it was, they were at a loss to know. My hair all came out at that time, but now it is so thick I can hardly comb it. I am sixteen years old, weigh 130 pounds and am perfectly well. It has been one year since I took CUTICURA, and am perfectly satisfied that Eczema will never trouble me again. I took four boxes of CUTICURA, five cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

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We shall commence on Friday of this week a general Clearing Out Sale of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets at Half Former Prices.

150 Trimmed Veivet Hats, former price \$5.00 each, now \$3.24.
100 Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, formerly \$5.50, now \$2.75.
150 Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, formerly \$4.50, now \$2.24.
A variety of Evening and Theatrical Hats and Children's Millinery at same reduction.

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All of our French Felt Hats, Black and Colors, only new desirable shapes, at 75c each, formerly \$1.25 each.

50 dozen Trimmed Sallors and Walking Hats at 25c each, former price 75c.

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